With what else needefull your good Grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

1 *Sena.* Adieu braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiud'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best aduantage;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Desdemona.

Iag. What saist thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkst thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe,

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physician.

Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe: ere I would say I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I doe? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our selues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, so that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed vp Time; supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many; either to haue it sterill with idlenesse, or manur'd with industry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-

ballance of our liues had not o
sensuality; the blood and base
vs to most prepostrous concl
our raging motions, our carna
I take this, that you call loue t

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag It is meerely a lust of t
Come, be a man; drowne thy
pies: I professe me thy friend,
uing, with cables of perdurab
steede thee then now. Put mor
defeate thy fauour with an vs
purse. It cannot be, that *Desd*
vnto the Moore,—put money
was a violent commencement,
questration: put but money in
geable in their wills:—fill thy
him now is as lushious as Locu
Coloquintida: She must chang
his body, shee will finde the c
change, she must. Therefore p
needs damme thy selfe, doe it a
make all the money thou canst.
twixt an erring *Barbarian*, & a
for my wits, and all the tribe o
make money,—a pox a drown
thou rather to be hang'd in com
and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to m

Iag. Thou art sure of me—
often, and I tell thee againe, a
is hearted, thine has no lesse re
uenge against him: If thou can
pleasure, me a sport. There are
which will be deliuered. Traue
haue more of this to morrow, a

Rod, Where shall we meet i

Iag. At my lodging

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